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AMONG THE PINES.

ODD THINGS ABOUT THE NATIVES IN NORTH CAROLINA WOODS.

Socks on the Bargain Counter and the Method Employed for Computing Distances Between Points.

The sojourner roaming in the pine woods of North Carolina will be frequently confronted by a sign or announcement printed in stenciled capital letters on a board 2 or 3 feet square and nailed to a pine tree, whereby the way-faring man is told of the manifold things he may buy at a "bargain store" at Southern Pine, one tent in the list being "two pair of socks for 10 cents." The other day a visitor, curious to know what manner of "sock" it might be, went out to purchase, for 5 cents a pair, and went over to patronize this bargain counter. He found the store. It was a frame building fully as large as a freight train caboose. It stood on the edge of a big lot, the remaining area being occupied by a vineyard and strawberry beds and blackberry patches. A strong fence surrounded it. Facing the front of the store was a case heavily barred against all comers. The door of the store was evidently locked, and there was no sign of life about the establishment. The would-be customer made up his mind that there was a case where advertising had not paid, when he saw a placard on the door which gave notice to the public that "the Back Yard. If You Want Me, Holler."

Acting on this advice, the searcher after 5 cents socks "hollered." Presently a man appeared from somewhere back of the store.

"Do you want to get in?" he asked. Being told that such was the visitor's wish, the man came forward, unlocked the gate, unlocked the door and let his customer in.

"I'm working up my garden," said he, "and don't want folks foolin' round unless they want to get in for bargains." The socks were worth the money.

You may be traveling for the first time somewhere through a North Carolina backwoods district, and not having a clear idea as to distances, you naturally stop and ask the first native you come to how far it may be to such-and-so a place. Expecting to hear him reply that it is a mile, two miles or three miles, you are surprised and puzzled when he says, after due deliberation:

"Well, uh, it's about two looks from hyah, uh, I reckon. May be two looks as a peep, though, uh. It's a right smart ways, anyhow, uh."

You are obliged, of course, to ask for a solution of this puzzle, and will then learn that a "look" is a measure of distance, the limit of vision ahead of you from the spot where you are, and it may be a turn, or two, or three, or away or a point a mile or more distant. You travel to the end of that "look," and from there take another look to the farthest object in sight as you come and travel on to that. If you have been told that your destination is two "looks" ahead, when you get to the end of the second look there you are. If it is two "looks" and a "peep," you pass on to one side of the road or the other from the second "look" and see the place you are after.

One time a New Yorker went down to North Carolina to join some friends who were hunting wild turkeys in the pine woods. They had gone out for a day's sport when he arrived, and he started to hunt them up. Not having found any sign of them after tramping about for half a day, he met a native in an old road and asked him if he had seen anything of the party.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "They're up this road you're on, three looks and a hoot, uh."

The New Yorker thought the native was giving him a hint, and he started on a hoot. He went on until he came to a bridge, where he met another pine woods denizen at work, and he asked that one the same question. The man looked up the road. "The farthest thing in sight was a big pine tree, nearly a mile away."

"Yes, sir, I see 'em 'savin', uh," he said. "They was 'savin' 'bout one look as a hoot from hyah, then, uh."

The stranger gazed at the man and went grumbling on his way. Just before he came to the big pine tree another native came out of the woods, and the New Yorker, with much misgiving, asked him the question he had put to the others.

"Oh, yes, uh," was the reply. "They only 'savin' in hyah a hoot, uh."

The native turned toward the woods, put a hand on each side of his mouth and shouted a lusty:

"Ho-o-o-o-o-o-hoot!"

In a few seconds a similar cry came back from the woods.

"That they is, uh," exclaimed the native. "That's them, uh."

And it was. They were the "looks" and a "hoot" from the place where the New Yorker had first inquired for them. —New York Sun.

CRAWFISHING.

How the Ugly but Toothsome Creatures Are Caught.

Mr. A. Ulrich of Chicago, who once lived in New Orleans and is familiar with the matter of which he speaks, sends in the following very interesting account of the way in which crawfish are taken by the men who fish for them. He says:

"Around New Orleans there are swamps which are always being hunted for crawfish, and yet the supply is unlimited. So numerous are they that one cannot leave a fish on a string in the water, for they will tear the fish into shreds."

A small net about the size of a butterfly net, about ten cents each two feet long, and 5 cents' worth of meat complete the outfit for one person.

"In the swamp there are small islands and long necks of land which meet one another in all directions, and upon which the crawfish are found."

"The start is usually made in the early morning, when the sun does not shine so fiercely and walking is much easier."

"Arriving at their destination, they cut their meat into small pieces about two inches square. Each piece is now attached to one of the cords. After this they are thrown into the water, and the other end of the cord is attached to a hook which is fastened to the crawfish's mouth."

"The crawfish are of a large species, two inches long. Each piece is now attached to one of the cords. After this they are thrown into the water, and the other end of the cord is attached to a hook which is fastened to the crawfish's mouth."

"The average catch for three persons is about an ordinary basketful. The meat when prepared is much like a delicious delicacy. —Forest and Stream."

WHAT FOGS ARE MADE OF.

Nebula Pulveres and Their Airy Relative of Town and Country.

A convenient though not strictly scientific classification of fog types is one or coast fog, valley or hill fog and dust fog. The last named has been given the euphonic designation nebula pulveres. It is an artificial rather than a natural condition. The Rev. Clement Ley, who gave a large portion of his life to cloud study, says, in his book, "Cloudland," that in some parts of the globe nebula pulveres is occasionally so thick as to obscure almost totally the sunlight, and in Abyssinia has led to the tradition that the plague or darkness in Egypt was really an annual dust fog. The amount of moisture varies so much in different fogs that the terms "dry" and "wet" are used, the scientific name of the latter being nebula stillicies. In wet fog the particles are not apt to be larger than in dry fog. A still further division, due, we believe, to Robert H. Scott, is anticyclonic fog, or fog in which no rain falls, while the temperature, generally low in the morning, continues to rise during the day, and cyclonic fog, in which rain does occur, while the temperature remains about temporary.

Before leaving these town fogs we may notice the part played by them in affecting the health of the community. Mr. Scott has given figures showing the mortality from diseases of the respiratory system for some of the more memorable fogs of London. We have room for but one of the many periods he gives. From Jan. 26 to Feb. 6, 1880, London experienced eight days of fog. The average temperature at 8 o'clock in the morning was 36 degrees, the lowest being 32 degrees, the highest 40 degrees, the death rate was 48.1 per 1,000, a rate unequalled since the last cholera epidemic, and there were no less than 1,557 deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs.

It is not always an easy matter to trace direct relationship even where the statistics are carefully gathered, but there can be little doubt that these town fogs are unwholesome. Indirectly they affect the health of the community in a way few would imagine. A town fog is an excellent trap for noxious gases, holding them close to the ground. Dr. R. Barnes, studying this question, found, by inspection of gas plants near London, that in foggy weather the escaping gas was held in concentrated form in and near the works. There are other sources of contamination in foul emanations from the ground, sewers, etc. On clear, bright days, even if no wind is blowing, the law of diffusion of gases acts more effectively and helps disperse the gases.

Opportunities. "In proportion as communities become more settled and populous, Philip," said Mr. Gratebarr, the great-opportunity man, "the more they will be higher and become more and more difficult to capture. For this reason men often seek new fields, where the shooting is easier. But in this Philip, as in everything else, one must exercise judgment. He must find a field in which game actually does exist, and one that is likely to produce such opportunities as he is able to turn to his advantage. No know-shover, for example, should locate in the tropics. Nor could the best boat builder that ever lived reasonably expect to succeed in a desert, even though it were humdrum in its extent and had a monopoly of the business."

"What I am endeavoring to point out to you, Philip, is that no man does any sure to yield a profit. As a matter of fact, many are quite barren. A man must find the right place, and the discernment that would enable him to do this would almost certainly qualify him to stay right here and fight with the giants."

"And that is just what I should advise you to do, Philip. Here in the big game is to be found. But, as I have before in substance remarked, you must be prepared to meet it. Don't fool away your time waiting at a bear club with gun loaded for snipe, Philip." —New York Sun.

Saluting a Cat. There is a queer place in the world where the cat was until recently held in high honor and received the attention due to one of so high a station in life. That place is India, where in a fortress the cat is reverently used to present arms to every cat that appeared on the scene.

The custom is accounted for by this singular anecdote, which, though it may appear to be good authority. Some 50 years ago it happened that a very high English official died in an Indian fortress, at a place that is one of the centers of Brahmanic religion, and at the moment when the news of his death met the sepoy guard at the main gate a black cat rushed out of it.

The superstitions guard presented arms to the cat as a salute to the dying spirit of the powerful Englishman, and the coincidence took a firm hold upon the locality, that up to a few years ago neither exhortation nor orders could prevent a Hindoo sentry at that gate from presenting arms to any cat that passed out at night. —Harper's Round Table.

A Scotch Child. I have a small cousin, aged 8, who has already contracted the very bad habit of smoking whenever he gets a chance.

The other evening, after he had been put to bed, his father went up stairs to the room where he was and began to search the youngster's pockets.

"Oh, father, I clean forgot! I bought a pennyworth of cigarettes the day for a present to you."

Edison's Latest Marvel

The Projectoscope

First Exhibition

IN

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At eight o'clock, in the

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moving as naturally as in life. This exhibition was given two days in Mont-

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day. When in Montclair the evening exhibition was divided into two parts

some twelve or thirteen views being shown in each and a separate admission

charged for each exhibition.

This entertainment in Bloomfield will be continuous and will occupy the

whole evening, between thirty and forty views and scenes being shown.

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Evening at 8 o'clock, Reserved Seat, 50c.

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LARGE ASSORTMENT OF SMOKED FISH. Domestic Oil Sardines, 10c. can. Best Mustard Sardines, 10c. can. Imported Sardines, 10c. can. Corned Salmon, fat, 15c. can. Corned Salmon, lean, 15c. can. Star Sardines, 15c. can. Corned Oysters, 1 lb. can, 15c. Corned Clams, 1 lb. can, 15c. Corned Shrimp, 1 lb. can, 15c. Corned Herring, 15c. can. Strictly Fresh Eggs, 17c. dozen.

Smoked Salmon, 15c. lb. Smoked Mackerel, 10c. can. Smoked Trout, 1 lb. can, 15c. can. Fresh Mackerel, 1 lb. can, 15c. can. Smoked Mackerel, 1 lb. can, 15c. can. Kippers, Herring, imported, 15c. can. Dried Salmon, 1 lb. can, 15c. can. Smoked Herring, 15c. can. Smoked Oysters, 1 lb. can, 15c. can. Smoked Clams, 1 lb. can, 15c. can. Smoked Shrimp, 1 lb. can, 15c. can. Smoked Herring, 15c. can. Strictly Fresh Eggs, 17c. dozen.

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